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CHILDHOOD'S
HAPPY HOME
AND
OTHER VERSES



LEMUEL KAYHART

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CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOME

LEMUEL KAYHART

Oh home, sweet home, my childhood's home,
To thee my heart holds near,
No other place in this wide world,
To me, is half so dear.

When daisies decked the green clad fields,
And fragrance filled the air,
I loved to roam the shady dell,
And never dreamed of care!

And when I'd lay my weary head
On mother's loving breast,
No mortal danger could I fear,
While there I'd calmly rest.

And when the twilight hours came,
The stars began to peep,—
She'd take me to my little couch
And lay me down to sleep.

And in the morning, when I'd wake,
Oh what heavenly bliss!
She'd take me in her loving arms,
And greet me with a kiss.

But now old age is coming on,
These locks are turning gray,—
Like millions passed and gone, I feel
I'm passing fast away.

Oh that I were a child again
To lean on mother's breast;
Free from trouble, care and strife
This weary form might rest.

When earth and friends I bid adieu,
Yon golden streets to roam,—
I may forget,—but not till then,
MY CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOME!

GENESIS ANALYZED

LEMUEL KAYHART

'Twas man who first came on the earth,
Without a sin or shame;
He knew nothing but joy and mirth,
And Adam was his name.

In Eden's garden he was placed,
And lovely were the scenes;
All fitted up with God's own taste,
Among the evergreens.

How happy then he must have been,
From toil and labor free;
From sickness, sorrow, death and sin,—
In Nature's charming glee!

In God's own image he was made,
Without a single care;
He never used a hoe nor spade,
'Till woman was put there.

'Twas woman first broke God's command,
Then tempted man to sin;
'Twas her first brought shame in the land,
And raised this awful din.

Through woman, Christ with grief did mourn,
For her He bled and died;
For her He wore a crown of thorns,
Was hung and crucified.

If Adam had reserved his bone,
'Tis true he'd had no wife;
'Tis better far to live alone,
Than live in war and strife.

But now, you know, since Adam's time,
That things are all made new,—
And now to end my little rhyme,
I'll call her Kind and True!

THE GREEN SHADY WOODS

LEMUEL KAYHART

Oh! give me the place where
I roamed when a child,
Where beauty and nature
Enchantingly smiled;
Where at twilight we heard
The sweet whippoorwill,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

'Twas there in my childhood
I rambled with glee;
'Twas there in my youth that
I longed so to be;
The place that I loved, with
A hearty good will,
Was the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

I'd go in the morning,
So happy and free,
And linger till twilight
Approaching I'd see;
With brothers, and sisters,
I played with a will,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

Where the songs of the birds
Re-echo and die;
Where the cool, fresh breezes
So playfully sigh;
Where we listened with joy,
To the rippling rill,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

And there to that clear, cool,
Crystal spring we'd go,
And down on our knees to
Its fountain bow low,
Like the waters of life
Our souls it would thrill,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

I've roamed over landscapes,
Through country and town,
I've wandered through cities
The streets up and down;
But no place do I find,
Though quiet and still,
Like the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

Oh! give me the place where
I wantonly strayed;
Where in hot summer days
My weary head laid;
Oh! give me the place where
All's quiet and still,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

And this be my wish,
In my last fleeting breath,
When this mortal body
Is stricken in death:—
Oh! lay me 'neath the turf,
All quiet and still,
In the green shady woods
On the slope of the hill.

And there though my body
Lies wrapped in green sod,
My spirit will go
To the keeping of God;
Till Gabriel's last trumpet
Shall blow loud and shrill,
May I sleep 'neath the woods
On the slope of the hill.

TOAST*

LEMUEL KAYHART

Here's to the ladies, more precious than gold,
Here's to the modest and likewise the bold,
Here's to the aged, old grandmother, dear,
Here's to the maid who's old and grown queer.

Here's to the maiden who's happy and gay,
Here's to the girl who will dance night and day,
Here's to the maid with a bosom of ice,
Here's to the girl who will kiss a man twice.

Here's to the brunette, the freckled and fair,
Here's to the blonde with blue eyes and white
hair,
Here's to the maid with complexion like snow,
Here's to old Dinah as black as a crow.

Here's to the lady and here's to the lass,
Here's to the lady who's greener than grass,
Here's to the sweetheart, and here's to the beau,
Here's to the lad who can reap, plough or sow.

Here's to the maiden who's rosy and fat,
Here's to the miser, more like a starved cat,
Here's to the lean, stout, long, slim and tall,
God bless their dear hearts, we'll toast to them
all.

*Spoken by Lemuel Kayhart at the twentieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kayhart, on Monday, August 12, 1889, at Montville, N. J.

Here's to the maiden who's dimples we prize,
Here's to the girl with a pair of black eyes,
Here's to the housewife all cumbered with care,
Here's to the girl with the bonny red hair.

Here's to the servant and here's to the king,
Here's to the ladies that happiness bring,
Here's to the dandy and here's to the queen,
I'll toast to you all, I'll not go it mean.

Here's to the aged and here's to the young,
Here's to the maid with a little short tongue,
Here's to the gossip though feeble and frail,
Tongue on a swizel and long as a rail.

Here's to the widow and here's to the maid,
Here's to the woman of work not afraid,
Here's to the girl who can laugh, sing or sigh,
Here's to the maid with false teeth and one eye.

Here's to the lady who's over-refined,
All banged in the head and bustle behind,
God bless them, we love them, they're handsome and fair,
Even when made up with cotton and hair.

Here's to the mother of one little boy,
Here's to his papa who's filled full of joy,
Here's to the man who's nary a son,
Here's to the father of twenty and one.

Here's to the babies, the sweet little dears,
Here's to their parents who shed silent tears,
Here's to the maid with a heart full of woe,
Here's to the lass who can say yes or no.

Here's to our cousins, our uncles and aunts,
Here's to the boy with his first pair of pants,
Here's to the youth whom many boys know,
Who looks in the glass to see his hair grow.

Here's to the man, too honest to cheat,
Here's to the butcher who sells us good meat,
May he live long and happy with plentiful store,
And when we're all hungry, stop at our door.

Here's to our parents, we speak it with cheer,
Of all of our kindred we love them most dear,
They nursed and they watched us in childhood
and youth,
They guided our footsteps in justice and truth.

Here's to the man without any wife,
May he soon take a partner to comfort his life,
Here's to his children whenever they come,
They'll make him more noise than Hessey's big
drum.

Here's to the man with his millions of cash,
Here's to the beggar who begs for his hash,
Here's to the man who has plenty to give,
Here's to the man who works hard to live.

Here's to the doctor and here's to the priest,
Here's to the heathen far out in the east,
Here's to the lawyer and here's to the judge,
Here's to the devil who owes them a grudge.

Here's to the statesman who's honest and true,
Here's to the sheriff who hung old Guiteau,

Here's to the Giant and Commodore Dot,
Here's to the people whom I've forgot.

Here's to the pilgrims—our father's band,—
Who crossed the wide ocean to free us a land,
Here's to their courage, the world it outstrips,
Here's to the heroes of Seventy-six.

Here's to the soldiers who battled the foe,
And death, death to treason as you all know,
Here's to the sailors, those noble jack tars,
So nobly they fought for the stripes and the
stars,

Here's to the boys who fell in the strife,
To save us a nation each gave his own life;
Here's to the sailors who bleach on the surf,
Here's to the soldiers who sleep 'neath the turf.

Here's to our Lincoln—although he is dead,
And calmly he rests in his green, mossy bed,—
His earthly career, although it is passed,
On history's pages forever will last.

Here's to our country, sweet land of the free,
Here's to our nation's great liberty tree,
Here's to our banner to freedom unfurled,
Here's to our eagle, king bird of the world.

Here's to our Union, as firm as the hills,
Here's to the rivers that turn the great mills,
Here's to our mountains of silver and gold,
Our riches and power can never be told.



Here's to our party—our friends with the
rest,—
And here's to the people we each love best,
May we live in the future like lambs of one
flock,
And all work together like the works of a clock.

And now I will stop, I've toasted to all,
Our country, our banner, the great and the
small,
So now I will bid you a friendly adieu,
Three roaring cheers for the Red, White and
Blue!

BEYOND THE SKIES

LEMUEL KAYHART

There is a land beyond the skies,
Where joy and pleasure never dies;
A land from sin and sorrow free,
Oh! how I long that land to see.

I fain would leave this world of woe,
And to that happy land I'd go;
I'd bid adieu to earthly ties
And reign with Him beyond the skies.

Who made this world, the shining sun,
And bid the stars their courses run?
Who formed the land, who made the trees,
The mighty oceans and the seas?

Who reared the mountains crowned in green,
The winding rivers roll between;
And all that's seen by human eyes,
And all beyond the bright blue skies?

Who scattered countless worlds through space
To onward plod their weary race,
Till God shall stand on sea and shore,
Declaring time shall be no more?

Oh! great Jehovah, faithful friend,
On Thee our fainting souls depend;
Guide us with unerring eye,
To realms of bliss beyond the sky.

Beautiful land, enchanted land,
Where angels to me beckoning stand,
To call me from this earth away
To reign with Christ in endless day.

By faith I see that happy land,
The vacant seat at Christ's right hand;
The place that waits me till I rise
To reign with Him beyond the skies.

By faith those pearly gates I see,
Those gates stand open wide for me;
The angels there in waiting stand
To pass me to that happy land.

The dear ones in that happy land,
Methinks I see them hand in hand;
A sister and a darling boy,
And oh! it thrills my soul with joy—

To think of meeting them again,
Beyond this world of care and pain;
Glorious anthems there will rise,
When I get home beyond the skies.

Beautiful land, land of light,
The angels robed in pearly white;
My very soul within me sighs,
To gain that land beyond the skies.

No troubles there will mar our peace,
Our pleasures there will never cease;
No tears of grief will dim our eyes,
In that bright land beyond the skies.

Beautiful land with streets of gold,
Thy splendors half can ne'er be told;
When shall my soul to thee arise—
Jehovah's throne beyond the skies.

This life is but a troubled dream;
When shall I cross cold Jordan's stream?
Oh! hasten death, my soul replies,
To waft me home beyond the skies.

A PRAYER

O Lord, our Father, hear us now,
While on our bended knees we bow;
Look down, O Lord, in tender love,
Prepare us all to meet above.

O Lord, our Father, hear us pray,
Watch over us from day to day;
Hear us in our humble prayer,
O keep us safely in Thy care.

O help us, Lord, to pray aright,
And keep us holy in Thy sight;
Protect us with Thy mighty arm
And keep us from temptation's harm.

Bless and make us pure within,
Wash us, cleanse us free from sin;
Protect us with Thy mighty hand,
Prepare us for the promised land.

O Lord, come down in mighty power,
Revive us all this very hour;
O lift us from this pit of mire,
And fill our souls with heavenly fire.

Come with love's refreshing showers,
And kindle these cold hearts of ours;
O guide us in the narrow path,
Lord save us from Thy coming wrath.

And when we leave this world of strife,
O give us all eternal life;
Arm us, Lord, with wings of love,
To leave this world and fly above.

Into Thy care, O Lord, we leave,
In peace, O Lord, our souls receive;
We ask it all, O Lord, we may,
Through Him Who taught us all to say:

Our Father, Who art in heaven, we pray,
Hallowed be Thy name this day;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
In earth and up in heaven as one.

Give us this day our daily bread,
'Tis from Thy bounties all are fed;
Our trespasses, O Lord, forgive,
As we our trespassers forgive.

Dear Lord, with tempters leave us not,
Deliver us from evil's plot;
Thy name shall have the glory then,
Forever and for aye. Amen.

IN MEMORIAM*

My bosom swells with fervent grief,
My heart aches to its core,
See him struggling, he is dying,
Our Walter is no more!

* * * * *

When we laid him 'neath the turf
In the cold, cold ground,
A cloud of darkness seemed to rise
Which covered all around.

But when I looked up at the stars,
Beyond the heavenly dome,

*Verses written upon the death of J. Walter Kayhart, son of Lemuel and Mary Kayhart, who died August 15th, 1875.

There with loving outstretched arms
Angels welcomed Walter home!

Farewell, Walter, farewell darling,
Life is but a barren strand,
Soon we'll meet thee, happy child,
In that far-off happy land!

IN MEMORIAM*

Now I lay me down to rest,
While the sun is in the west;
When the stars all brightly shine,
If it be the will of Thine,
Watch and guard me, Lord, I pray,
Through the night as through the day;
Guard me, Lord, Thou knowest best,
While I lay me down to rest.

Now I lay me down to rest,
Parting friends my lips have pressed;
Farewell, kindred here below,
Jesus calls me, I must go.
Not my will but Thine be done;
When my earthly race is run,
And life's sun sinks in the west,
Calmly lay me down to rest.

*Written upon the death of Elijah Kayhart, father
of Lemuel Kayhart, who died January 16th, 1906.

Now I lay me down to rest,
Help me, Lord, to stand the test;
When I'm laid upon the bier,
In the grave there'll be no fear.
When these throbbing pulses cease,
When with God I've made my peace,
Closely in the cold earth pressed,
Calmly lay me down to rest.

Now I lay me down to rest,
May my soul be doubly blest;
Though my flesh and bones decay,
'Neath the earth's cold clods of clay,
My soul will rise on wings of love,
To dwell with Him in heaven above;
Sweetly there, on Jesus' breast,
I will lay me down to rest.

IN MEMORIAM*

Farewell, dear Willie, darling one—
Thy will, O Lord, Thy will be done;
'Tis Jesus calls thee to thy rest,
To live with Him among the blest.

While in the grave we lay him low,
The tears of grief unbidden flow;

*Written upon the death of William H. H., son of Winfield S. and Sarah A. Kayhart.

Though sobbing hearts with grief may swell,
Our Father doeth all things well.

Though 'neath the ground we lay him low,
His spirit up to God will go,
On angels' pinions borne away,
Our darling lives in endlass day.

A few more years may fleet away,
When we no more on earth may stay;
We'll bid this dreary world adieu,
And soar beyond bright heaven's blue.

Beyond cold Jordan's swelling tide,
Beyond grim death's dark valley wide—
Safe in the tender Shepherd's care,
We soon shall meet our darling there.

Beyond this world of woe and care,
In yonder city bright and fair,
Crowned with jewels rich and rare,
We'll meet our little darling there.

See him as he beckoning stands,
Calling us with outstretched hands,
To guide us on our weary way,
To realms of bliss in endless day.

Safely there on Jesus' breast,
Forever he will be at rest;
In yon blue heaven, bright and fair,
We'll meet our darling Willie there.

IN MEMORIAM*

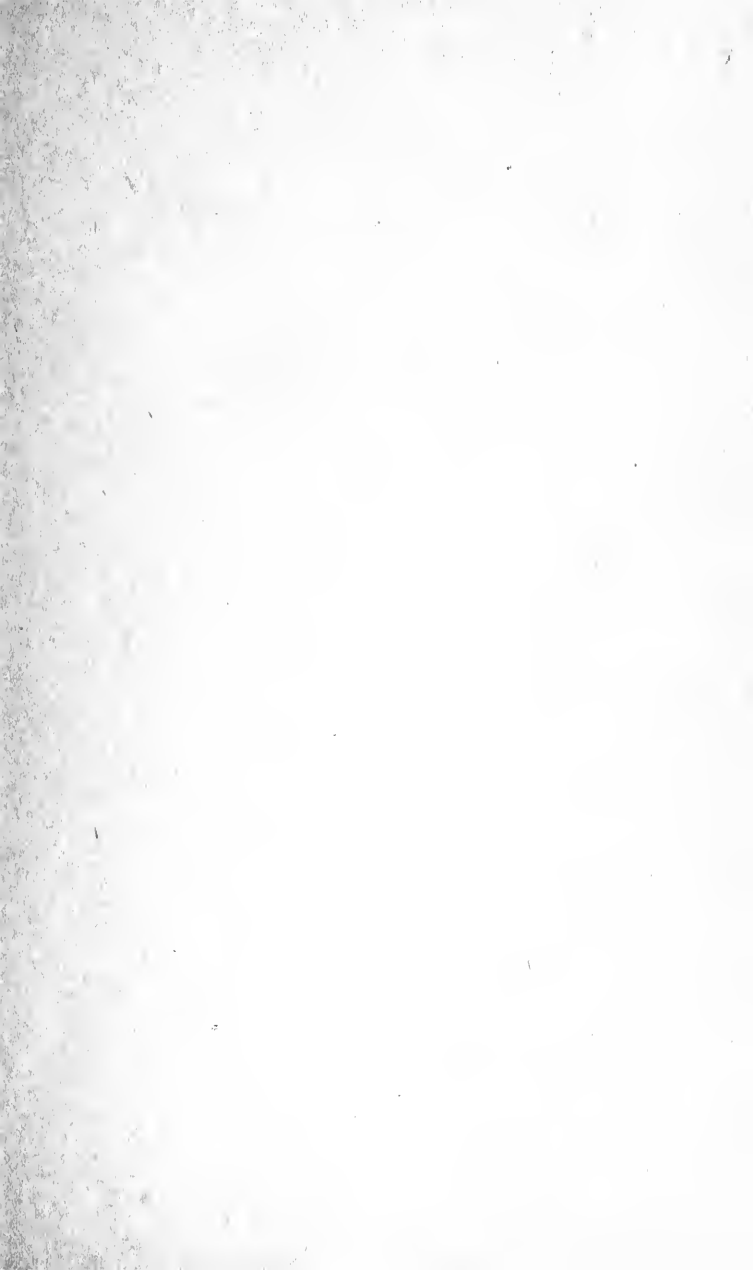
How can we part, oh, dearest son,
Our treasure ever blest?
With tears of grief we lay thee down
In earth's cold couch to rest.

Though we may travel this broad earth
And search it far and wide,
Thy presence here beside the hearth
Can never be supplied.

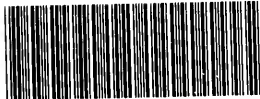
Dearest friends on earth must sever,
We only sojourn here;
Then let us live to live forever
And meet grim death with cheer!

Farewell, farewell, dear child at rest,
Thy troubles are all o'er,
God grant thee peace among the blest,
Beyond cold Jordan's shore.

*In memory of Edgar S. Class, son of John and Elizabeth Class.



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